Perhaps ſhee culd it from among the reſt.
Titus. Soft ſo buſilie ſhe turnes the leaues,
Help her, what would ſhe finde? *Lauinia* ſhall I read?
This is the tragicke tale of *Philomel*,
And treats of *Tereus* treaſon and his rape,
And rape I feare, was roote of thy annoie,
Marcus. See brother ſee, note how ſhe coats the leaues,
Titus. *Lauinia* wert thou thus ſurpriz'd ſweet gyrle?
Rauiſht and wrongd as *Philomela* was,
Frocd in the ruthleſſe Vaſt and gloomie woods;
See, ſee, I ſuch a place there is where we did hunt,
(O had we neuer, neuer hunted there,)
Patternd by that the Poet here deſcribes,
By nature made for murthers and for rapes,
Mar. O why ſhould nature build ſo fowle a den,
Vnleſſe the Gods delight in Tragedies, (friends,
Titus. Giue ſignes ſweet gyrle, for here are none but
VVhat Romaine Lord it was durſt doe the deed?
Or ſlonke not *Saturnine* as *Tarquin* erſt,
That left the Campe to ſinne in *Lucrece* bed
Marc. Sit downe ſweet Neece, brother ſit downe by
Appollo, *Pallas*, *Ioue* or *Mercurie*, (me,
Inſpire me that I may this treaſon finde,
My Lord looke here, looke here *Lauinia*,

He writes his name with his ſtaffe and guides it with feete and mouth.

This ſandie plot is plaine, guide if thou canſt
This after me, I haue writ my name,
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curſt be that hart that forcd vs to this ſhift:
VVrite thou good Neece, and here diſplay at laſt,
VVhat God will haue diſcouered for reuenge,
Heauen guide thy pen to print thy ſorrowes plaine,

That

That we may know the traytors and the tru

Shee takes the ſtaffe in her mouth, and guide ſtumps and writes.

Oh doe yee read my Lord what ſhe hath w
Stuprum, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.
Marcus. What, what, the luſtfull ſonnes
Performers of this haynous bloody deede
Titus. *Magni Dominator poli*,
Tam lentus audis ſcelera, tam lentus vides?
Marcus. Oh calme thee gentle Lord, al
There is enough written vpon this earth,
To ſtir a mutinie in the mildeſt thoughts,
And arme the mindes of infants to exclain
My Lord kneele downe with me, *Lauinia*
And kneele ſweet boy, the Romaine Hec
And ſweare with me as with the woſull feer
And father of that chaſt diſhonoured Dam
Lord *Iunius Brutus* ſweare for *Lucrece* rape
That we will proſecute by good aduice
Mortall reuenge vpon theſe Traiterous Ge
And ſee their blood or die with this repro
Titus. Tis ſure enough, and you knew h
But if you hunt theſe Beare whelpes then b
The Dam will wake and if ſhe winde yee o
Shee's with the Lion deepely ſtill in league
And luls him whilſt ſhee plaieth on her bac
And when he ſleepes, will ſhee doe what ſh
You are a young huntſman *Marcus*, let alo
And come I will goe get a leafe of braſſe,
And with a gad of ſteele will write theſe wo
And lay it by: the angry northen wind
Will blow theſe ſands like *Sibels* leaues ab
And wheres our leſſon then, boy what ſay
Puer. I ſay my Lord that if I were a ma